

THE BYSTANDER



Diet Experiments.
Signs of the Times.
Pinkham's Diplomacy.
Prosperity for Laie.

I was impressed a year ago by something Judge Hart told me about the truths of vegetarianism. Pointing to a horse, the Judge asked me to note how much stronger he was, how much more useful work he could do on the farm. How much more endurance he showed, than any flesh-eating animal known to science. Take the Bengal tiger for comparison—he was only good for sports. A little violent exercise made him go back and lie down. The Numidian lion could leap and spring and snap the backbone of a modest calf, but when he tackled a grass-eating bull, something in his own class, the bull tired him out and made him cast sheep's eyes for a warm, flat rock. After that the bull snorted contemptuously and trotted around the rock, receiving the congratulations of the cows. "Watch the animals," the Judge said, "and when you find the food that gives strength plus endurance to them you may be pretty sure that it will give strength and endurance to you. The elephant, who eats no meat and lives largely on fruits, sweets and cereals, is the strongest and longest-lived of the land quadrupeds. The panther, who lives on flesh exclusively, spends most of his life slinking about and can not endure the strenuous life. And he is short-lived as compared with vegetarian wild animals, notably the giraffe or buffalo."

The vegetarian idea pleased me. Of the three animals I owned, the cat and the dog, who ate meat by preference, were not noted for strength and were from short-lived families. But my old Billy goat was part and the larger part of my patrimony. He had been in the family since I was a kid and, with a courage equal to the dog's, he was a contemporary of that animal's great-grandfather and would probably chase his great-grandson. Clearly, I should eschew the diet of the carnivora, upon which I had been living, and accept that of the goat. It would be perfectly reasonable, and it seemed to me that the fighting and butting-in qualities of the goat would be good for me as a newspaperman. So I started to find out what the goat ate. The quest was not encouraging. The first thing I saw the goat swallow was a Bulletin and nobody else could swallow that. Besides, the paper tasted so that it didn't seem right for a vegetarian. One munch was enough for me. But I kept watch and saw the goat take down a tin can as if it were a raw egg. That was a tough proposition, but there was no help. There was the goat, full of life and vigor; there was myself, needing those essentials; there was Judge Hart proving that if a strong animal lives on certain food, a weak man who accepts the same diet will get strong. But the can was a poser, even after I had boiled it and rubbed it with suet and put a spoonful of Worcestershire sauce in it. I simply had to let the diningroom girl bring another course, and when she came back with an old holoku, which the goat had half eaten, that let me out. I thought some mistake had been made and looked further.

The next animal I thought of was even a bigger and longer-lived proposition than the elephant—the whale. Don't forget that he is a mammal and not a fish. The whale weighs tons and is believed to live 1000 years if let alone; and it must be that he has discovered the real food for building up a constitution. I studied and found out that he lived on shrimps, principally shrimps; that he ate them by the quantity and swallowed them whole. Occasionally, he ate squid. All this was easier for me than goat food and for two months I lived on shrimps and squid mixed with a little seawater. Then I weighed and found that I had lost 37 pounds, which accounted for the growing weakness I felt. Evidently, whale food was not for me, so I harked back to the food of land quadrupeds.

There was the rhinoceros who lived on bullrushes and fish—an animal of long life who could chew up a steam launch. So I got some rushes, stewed them with swamp water and fish and went to work. That night I couldn't get a doctor quickly enough. His prescription I won't altogether describe; but he ordered me to go on a diet at once. For breakfast I was to have some broiled steak with onions; poached eggs on toast; Parker House rolls and some chocolate with whipped cream; at 10 o'clock I was to have a cold chicken sandwich and a glass of milk; at noon some mullet fried in butter, a Spanish omelet, hashed-brown potatoes and coffee; at 3 p. m. I was to have some beef broth and frankfurters and at night, cream of lobster soup, baked fish, roast beef, egg salad and apple dumpling. Then before going to bed I might have an oyster stew. I got well rapidly and here I am; you see the result.

Casting it up, I came to this conclusion: That, if I wasn't a goat, I could not thrive on goat provender; if I wasn't a whale, I could not build up on a cetacean menu; if I wasn't a rhinoceros I could not devote myself healthfully to bullrushes and raw carp. The plain thing for me to do was to eat the food of my fellow-men. Guided by the same instinct as the goat, the whale and the rhinoceros, my fellow-men had browsed around until they had found what they liked and what agreed with them and had been able, therefore, to make their way in the world; and so far as I could learn had lived their allotted time. Those that ate the most meat, like the red Indians of the plains, seemed to have the hardest constitutions; those that ate a mixed diet for which nature had fitted their teeth, seemed to enjoy life better and bring their fair average of membership to the Scriptural limit of age. So why change? Until it can be proved by scientific data that men who feed on cereals and fruit live longer, endure more and do better work than men who live on a mixed diet, including flesh, why should you or I, who healthfully follow the menu of humanity, put ourselves on the regimen of the goat, the horse or the ape?

The approach of politics in Honolulu is foretold by the usual signs. Achi is heard from. Jimmy Boyd, Charley Clark and other statesmen of their class, who are still at large, want jobs, preferably jobs which permit them to safeguard the payrolls of others. Incidentally, there is renewed interest in the Grand Jury and the Civic Federation. The market for striped-awning cloth, tailor-made, gets firmer and there is an air of expectation in the government quarters. Various guests at the Hotel de Henry are observed to gather in the shade of the kamani tree and indulge in pleasing auguries. They are the Has Beens watching for the Next Gentlemen in the Halreut Mill.

It is a mystery to me how, when politics are far, our perennial job-chasers, of the sort named as still at liberty, make their living. Never have I seen them, in the waits between campaigns, do anything but talk. That is why their jaws are so abnormally large and why the sweat always rolls off of the sides of their faces instead of off their brows. Dedicated to King street near Fort and to the potted groves of Cunha alley, these gentry begin talking about nine a. m., and keep at it with recesses for food, until six p. m. At noon they wander into Cunha's and stand expectant until the usual invitation comes to drink, which is also the sign for raiding the free lunch. From long habit Pop Cunha pushes forward the cheese and pickles and keeps the Lyons sausage and the sardellen and sandwiches under the counter until the statesmen pass on. At dinner time the objective seems to be the side entrance to the Grill, where, I am informed, something is passed out as a way of keeping on good terms with our future rulers. I don't know where these publicists get their clothes, as it is said, in Kidd's absence, that Pop Spitzer honors no political drafts. But they keep on wearing things as well as eating things and so the years run on, in sunshine and rain, in hope and despair and in the eternal candidacy of these particular patriots.

Just now they want to run the coming municipality of Honolulu. That, by the way, is what the municipality was started for—to be run by people who want salaries without work. Achi was in with his municipal bill first. Boyd and Clark went right over to see the salary scale and made up their minds

that there was life in the old town and stuff in the old sack yet. Since then a ticket has been framed with Achi for mayor or treasurer, Boyd for auditor and Clark in the background waiting for treasurer if Achi don't get it and for chief clerk in the treasurer's office if he does. Meanwhile Achi intends to keep the others employed under the County if he can make the Supervisors, whom he thinks he owns, put Sam Johnson and a few others out. I say "employed" but I misuse the term. It isn't employment that Boyd and Clark are after. Eddy Boyd and Jonah Kamalae, erstwhile favorites, had employment enough to go around the entire political group in which they were once so useful and distinguished. Our present leaders are not Knights of Labor—they are Feers of Rest.

Speaking of Achi's collection of Fee Simple Supervisors I am joyous in the thought that they belong to somebody. Certainly, those who came in as Republicans and those who came in as Democrats have given their parties the "merry ha-ha" on occasion and have done things that, from a political viewpoint, have exhausted human wonder. Now, that Achi has surrounded them with white stakes and numbered them, we shall all know whom to hold responsible for their antics. Of course, I omit Huestace from this category. He is neither responsible to God or man.

My admiration for Mr. Pinkham, usually a thing of white heat, has been tempered of late by my fear that he has overdone his part. When Mr. Pinkham went to Molokai during the latter days of the Legislature, to satisfy the demand for Wallace, I congratulated everybody—in my mind. It seemed to me that he would iron out the wrinkles in that crisis so that there could be no complaint afterward, forever and a day. Mr. Pinkham went and saw and put his foot in it nearly up to his shoulder-blade. He told the inmates that he would officially see that Wallace had a chance to treat some patients, and he paid for it, blandly satisfied them and their friends that his word would go and thus neutralized the efforts of the native party in the Legislature to do something in the Appropriation bill in the Wallace interest. Then when the legal time passed for putting things into the Appropriation bill or taking them out, Mr. Pinkham calmly sat by while his Board of Health overruled his pledges and, so far as I ever heard, he never raised a protest. The lepers and their friends were informed, with a cheerful smile, that the Board had not agreed with its President. Last month Mr. Pinkham made another trip to Molokai, served the lepers another dish of moon porridge and came back, as they aver at the Settlement, to make rags of every promise he had made. It is charged that his ukase to the Board is as different from what he told the lepers he would do as asbestos is from poi. Trouble came at once. As an incidental result, Dr. Goodhue put one foot on the shore and another in the sea and vaulted for Oahu yelling for the militia. Not being able to take it out of Pinkham, the lepers had proposed to realize on him. Other white men stayed a night or two on the Pali trail. As Pinkham was careful to keep to the windward of the Settlement, the lepers could only reach him with a set of resolutions in which his conspicuous inexactness of speech was described as so unsanitary as to fall below Kalaupapa standards of cleanliness; also some more. The next day Wallace's stock rose so many points that there was a call for Kentwell or some other captain of industry to come down and work a merger for it with the Home Rule party.

Now, I submit that this is not fine work. It is too raw for an aspirant for Governor. It needs vaseline rubbed on its joints and tincture of veracity put on its complexion. It would even seem to be better to keep away from Kalaupapa than to so palpably convince the inmates that the Board of Health was organized to sell it gold bricks.

The trial of George Kekauoha is one of the biggest things that has ever come out of Laie. It may be a little hard on George but it is a great thing for Laie. Over \$350 in witness' fees found its way over the Pali—barring what was spent before the witnesses left Honolulu. Marshal Hendry was handing out \$20 checks to people who had never seen so much money at one time before, for nearly an hour after Judge Dole sentenced George to four months' imprisonment yesterday. But this windfall isn't all that's coming. There is another indictment against George, and one against Amia and still another against another woman. Besides that George's wife, Jennie, is now under a charge of perjury. All this gives rich promise of witness fees for the little community of Laie. Times ought to be pretty good over there this winter, and if the tithings of the Mormon church are honestly paid, it ought to be a good year in church finances.

For George, however, it isn't so pleasant. He probably doesn't mind the four months' imprisonment so much. That will quickly pass away. But George won't be eligible to hold office anymore; his political influence will be gone. This will be the sad blow. George has been something of a political boss over in Koolau. He succeeded Dick Lane as deputy sheriff of Koolauloa, and for a country place it is said the pickings were very good. There are a good many Chinese over there, and they are looked on in the country as always being good for \$10, or a multiple of it when the offense is not serious, and for \$100 or a multiple of it when the offense is serious enough to make it safer to get out of the country—if allowed—and go to China. Kekauoha got so bold in his work that he got careless and was impeached by the Board of Supervisors last year and removed from office. But working his pull in his district at the election last November, and afterwards, he was able to get the fairly lucrative position of Road Supervisor for Koolauloa, through his friend Supervisor Kealoha—a position also not devoid of perquisites.

But his conviction destroys his eligibility for office, so that when he gets out of jail he will probably be relegated to the W. C. Achi class of political bosses who can't get elected to office themselves, and so spend their time telling who else may be elected.

Small Talks

O. E. STEVEN—The Isenberg property is ideal for a children's hospital. **MANAGER ROSS**—The tassels on the cane at the Honolulu plantation are a loud purple. I never saw such a sight before.

F. C. SMITH—The idea of holding private meetings of the Board of Health is preposterous. I am glad that I had nothing to do with the mixup.

MANAGER BROWN—Some soldiers came into the Hawaiian Board's bookroom the other day and asked if we had a copy of "Jesse James, Brave and Bold."

CHIEF TAYLOR—An officer bought ten bottles of filtered Hawaiian water the other day to take on board of the Buford for the consumption of his children.

LIBRARIAN LYDECKER—The index of the Public Archives is progressing, and as it progresses, it gives a better and better idea of the wealth of historical material the archives contain.

DR. WAYSON—It seems to me that it is about time this foolishness in the Board of Health over Wallace was stopped. I should like to know which way President Pinkham will turn next.

C. F. CHILLINGWORTH—I don't blame Cupid for bluffing the newspapermen about his trip to the Settlement. He did not want to tell about the reception he got or what he did there.

GUS CORDES—There isn't any money in the saloon business any more. I wish I had never gone into it. Where I am we don't have any white trade to speak of; ours is mostly natives and Chinese and Japanese.

CHARLIE CLARK—Whoever wrote that The Bystander story last Sunday about the garbage department deal was on the inside. He had the story just right but I don't want to be mixed up in any of those yarns.

A. S. HUMPHREYS—It would be a mighty good thing if all the steamers with Christmas goods were held off. That a community a million dollars or so in arrears for taxes should spend hundreds of thousands for gimcracks is ridiculous.

SHERIFF LAKEA—No mistake could be made in the election of Mr. Taylor, the present chief of the detective bureau, to the office of Sheriff, and of course, with myself as Mayor of Honolulu, I believe it would insure good government to the public.

MARSTON CAMPBELL—Hilo has a much finer water system than Honolulu. It is from a spring high up, which can not be contaminated. It is inexhaustible. The entire distribution is by gravity. You can attach a hose to a tap and throw a stream of water over any building in the town.

O. ST. JOHN GILBERT—The report that natural glucose was found in Hawaiian honey was a mistake. Or rather the Federal chemist made a mistake. He thought something was wrong on discovering that our honey's crystals were triangular, the previously accepted theory being that all honey crystals are hexagonal.

MANAGER SMITH—Several people in Honolulu are getting interested in the Mentshikoff sour milk drink which is supposed to retard the coming of old age. It seems that the sour milk bacteria attacks certain youth-destroying germs in the system. The Dairyman's Association has the Mentshikoff formula and is experimenting with it.

Shriners Parade
Their Candidates

Preceded by Potentate Mannie Phillips, gorgeous in his glittering robes of office, and ending up with Novitiate J. T. Moir, in brilliant blue and pink jockey clothes, bearing his number "23" proudly on his shoulder blades and astride the biggest and lumpiest mule in the Territory, the Shriners paraded the principal streets of the city yesterday, between crowded lines of admiring people, stepping proudly to the music of Berger's players. The parade, as is always the case with the public appearances of the swallow tails and fizzes, had been looked forward to for days, and an hour before the first string of firecrackers blazed and spluttered from the window of the Knights of Pythias Hall, announcing the beginning of the tortures, the streets along the line of route had taken on a holiday appearance from the crowds that had gathered.

The Arab Patrol, resplendent in full regalia, marched jauntily, their penants fluttering and waving in the series of evolutions gone through. In Union Square, within the open space marked off for them by fellow Shriners, Colonel Johnson, distinguished from the members of his command by his emerald breeches, drew up his company and put them through a series of evolutions, perfect in their execution. The Arab Patrol has gone back home since it won the applause of the thousands who watched it in Los Angeles, their marching being precise as the best drilled regulars in Uncle Sam's army, while the silent spear drill was probably never better seen in Honolulu than it was at the end of the fancy drill yesterday.

And while the bright costumed marchers were being applauded in one section of the Square, the victims of the day, the shrieking twelve, were trying to hide behind one another in one corner, avoiding as much as possible the scores of kodaks and cameras pointed at them. All but Moir. Perched on his eminence, he had nothing to hide his blushing features but his mule's ears, and this ambush was an uncertain one. At times one ear would be up and the other down; then, as some particularly brilliant evolution was gone through by the Patrol, both ears would perk themselves in admiration and the kodakers would snap the features of the rider with ears frussing his whiskers. All the while Frank L. Hatch sat disconsolately near, holding the rope which

bound him in Masonic ties to the mule and which his obligation did not allow him to loose. He also served by only standing and waiting, in his hand a stableboy utensil, on his head a cut-away derby, but in his soul the glorious knowledge that next year his turn to wear a swallowtail. "I have the right dope," he informed the world by placard.

Treasurer Trent, among all the candidates, probably attracted the lion's share of attention. Although under a nervous strain, he still performed his duty as custodian of the public funds and wheeled a barrow load of it around with him. "County money that I do not own" was the explanatory legend on the card worn by him back and fore.

With death grips on their rope stood the nine other candidates. In front strode John M. Ross of Hakalau, disguised in a gunny sack and extolling the purity of the Hakalau product. Worn rakishly over one eye was a Chinese field hat and his costume was completed with a hoe. He walked with the air of a martyr in a good cause. Closely supporting him and coily keeping his legs out of the sight of the vulgar throng, tripped E. Munroe, "the Scotch Highball," wearing the kilt and sporran, and exposing portions of his knees to sunburn. He was flanked on the Ewa side by William McKay, who made up in kimonos what Munroe lacked in the length of kilts. In the hand free of the rope he flourished a cane knife. His natural apprehension at the crowd and the number of automobiles on the street found expression in the wall on his placard, "Will I ever see Hilo again?"

Others of the chain gang were W. T. Robinson, H. H. Renton, Captain H. G. Pierce, A. Blom and James Laird, all sweetly blushing at the prominence thrust upon them.

Following the parade the Shriners and their victims passed within the sacred portals of their Shrine and a veil was drawn over the mysteries that followed. The subdued shrieks that trickled into the street were the only evidence that the tales told of the hot sands and the molten lava cocktails were not idle dreams nor rarebit fancies. In the early evening the members of the Shrine, including the newly-created brethren, sat down to a banquet at the Alexander Young Hotel, in the preparations for which no detail had been spared. The affair lengthened out until a late hour, the sounds of revelry from the banquet room proving to the outside world that the orders of the initiation had been successfully weathered by everyone.



DAVID HAUGHS—The government nursery is to be made into a handsome park. It is being filled with rich soil washed down in the Nuuanu stream. Coral walks have been laid out through it. The fence around the grounds is to be removed. The whole area is to be made into lawn. These, with the great variety of trees and shrubs already there, will make it one of the most attractive spots in the city.

EDWARD L. MARSHALL—See those street cars? Crowded both ways! Celebration of Kalaupapa's birthday out at Waikiki, laas and dances; the opening of a Buddhist temple on South street; Shriners' doings, and a concert of chamber music at the University club downtown, all going on at once; and tomorrow the greatest baseball game of the season at Aala park, and reform talk by a real reformer, and yet people say there is nothing doing.

JUDGE S. B. DOLE—The idea that the admission of testimony as to the proceedings at a church meeting being a blow to the Mormon church is entirely a misconception. The Mormon church could easily adapt its proceedings in such matters to our statute, if it wanted. But in fact the proceedings at the particular church meeting in question seem not to have been attempted to be kept secret. It was evidently a current subject of village gossip.

SUPERINTENDENT BABBITT—In building the schoolhouses provided for by the last Legislature, I am trying to design each one for the particular conditions it is to serve. That is, instead of having every one-room schoolhouse in the Territory just like every other one-room schoolhouse, and all the two-room schoolhouse just alike, and so on, I am trying to design them so as to meet any differences in conditions that may exist between one locality and another.

L. L. LA PIERRE—I still have the articles of clothing I found waving from the top of my flagpole on the morning following Halloween night and the owner may have them by applying to me. I shall ask him to settle up with me for the exposure I gave myself to in running about in the rain in order to get the blamed things down and out of sight before the people began to go past my place on their way to church. Whoever hung them up there tied up the ropes and I had to climb on my stepladder, lash an extension on my rake-handle and strain my toes to reach them. But down they came, somewhat frazzled by the rake teeth but not beyond the mending stage. Whoever owns them can have them.

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